Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridgroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twix his finger and his thum he helde,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tookt it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkte,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
With many holyday and lady tearmes.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded,
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth;
Was Parmacity for an inward bruſe,
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous Saltpeter ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile Guns,
He would haue been himſelfe a Souldiour.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectely (as I ſayd)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord
What er'e *Harrie Piercie* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reſonablie die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now,
King. Why yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the foliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully betraide,
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damned *Glendower*,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,
Hath lately married? ſhall our coffers then,
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues.
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſterue,
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed woundes which valianly he tooke
When on the gentle *Seuerns* ſiedgie banke
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement of ſwift *Seuerns* flood
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,